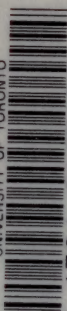


SHORT STUDIES IN
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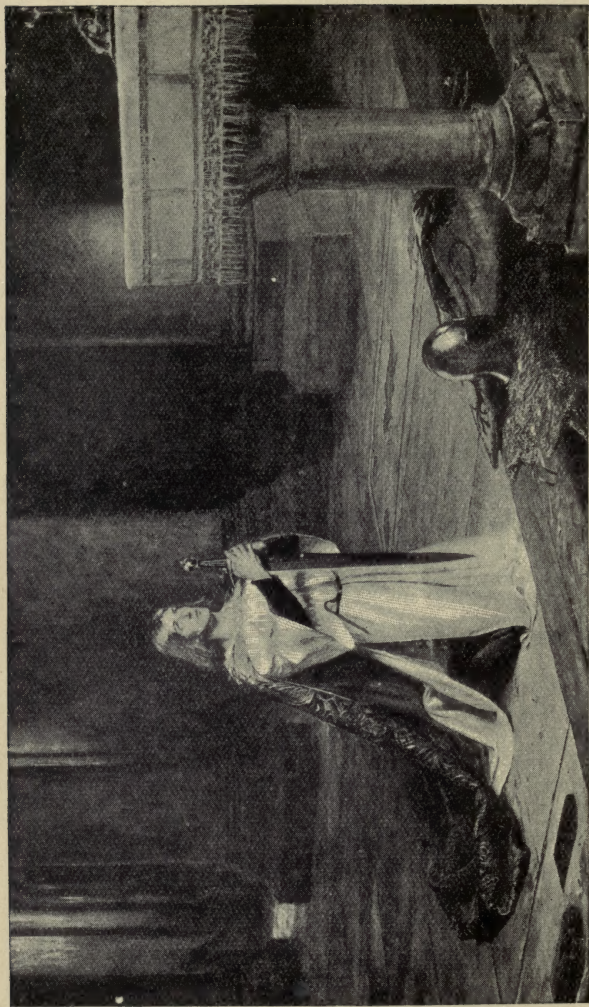
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Poems of Loyalty

—
Selected by
Wilfred Campbell,
LL.D.

Thomas Nelson & Sons

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SPECIMEN COPY.



THE VIGIL. (From the painting by J. Pettie, R.A.)

A Knight in the Middle Ages was bound by vows of honour, courtesy, and loyalty. Before receiving his golden spurs he "watched his arms" with fasting and prayer, before the altar of the church, from sunset to sunrise.

Short Studies in English Literature
No. 21.

POEMS OF LOYALTY

BY BRITISH AND CANADIAN
AUTHORS

SELECTED BY

William WILFRED CAMPBELL, LL.D.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS

LONDON, EDINBURGH, DUBLIN

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P R E F A C E.

THESE Poems of Loyalty are chosen, for the most part, as illustrating what true loyalty means, and as inspired by that spirit or influence which prepares for and conduces to true patriotism in the youth of any great nation or people.

True loyalty is essentially a condition or mood of the soul. We must be first of all loyal to God, and to the highest and best ideals and instincts of our race, ere we are fit to be true patriots.

To be really true to the present, we must be faithful both to the past and the future. That people is the greatest which draws its holiest ideals from the highest influences of the past, and founds upon these its chief hopes. Britain, in founding her ethics upon the Hebrew Scriptures and the wisdom and culture of ancient Greece, was supremely true both to the past and the future. Thus, the loyalty of a great modern people to the revelation, spirit, and culture of a great ancient race, means the bearing onward of the divine torch of God's Spirit in humanity throughout the ages.

This idea it is which sets the soul free from the mere common round of personal experience and the narrow egotisms of each single succeeding generation. The vast gulf between civilized man and the mere savage consists in this—that the former lives in all history, while the latter exists only in his own experience. It is well to lay stress on the great race-memories and race-dreams as links to the divine. From these come influences which are conducive to reverence, veneration, knowledge, and a desire for the truth.

To fit character for patriotism, the first necessity is to inculcate the idea of *responsibility*. The sense of responsibility, together with the development of the greater and deeper imagination, is essential to true loyalty. We are all trustees for the future, and we must be made to feel our great responsibility to God and man.

British loyalty at its best is imbued with this large spirit. It is founded upon loyalty to God, race, flag, throne, constitution, and country. It teaches that service, not power, is the greatest thing—that to serve well the race and the state is the supreme ideal.

WILFRED CAMPBELL.

OTTAWA, *December* 1912.

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POEMS OF LOYALTY

BY BRITISH AND CANADIAN AUTHORS

OUR FATHERS

ROOM for the dead ! Your living hands may pile
Treasures of art the stately tents within,
Beauty may grace them with her richest smile,
And genius there spontaneous plaudits win :—
But yet amidst the tumult and the din
Of gathering thousands, let me audience crave !
Place claim I for the dead,—’twere mortal sin,
When banners o’er our country’s treasures wave,
Unmarked to leave the wealth safe garnered in the
grave.

The fields may furnish forth their lowing kine,
The forest spoils in rich abundance lie,
The mellow fruitage of the clustered vine
Mingle with flowers of every varied dye ;

Swart artisans their rival skill may try ;
And while the rhetorician wins the ear,
The pencil's graceful shadows charm the eye ;
But yet, do not withhold the grateful tear
For those, and for their works, who are not here.
Not here? O yes! our hearts their presence feel,
Viewless, not voiceless ; from the deepest shells
On memory's shore harmonious echoes steal,
And names which in the days gone by were spells
Are blent with that soft music. If there dwells
The spirit here our country's fame to spread,
While every breast with joy and triumph swells,
And earth reverberates to our measured tread,
Banner and wreath will own our reverence for the
dead.

Look up! their walls enclose us. Look around!
Who won the verdant meadows from the sea?
Whose sturdy hands the noble highways wound
Through forest dense, o'er mountain, moor, and lea?
Who spanned the streams? tell me whose work they be,
The busy marts where commerce ebbs and flows?
Who quelled the savage? and who spared the tree
That pleasant shelter o'er the pathway throws?
Who made the land they loved to blossom as the
rose?

Who, in frail barques, the ocean surge defied,
And trained the race that live upon the wave?
What shore so distant where they have not died?
In every sea they found a watery grave.

Honour for ever to the true and brave,
Who seaward led their sons with spirits high,
Bearing the red-cross flag their fathers gave!
Long as the billows flout the arching sky,
They'll seaward bear it still—to venture or to die.

The Roman gathered in a stately urn
The dust he honoured, while the sacred fire,
Nourished by vestal hands, was made to burn
From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,
Honour the dead, and let the sounding lyre
Recount their virtues in your festal hour;
Gather their ashes; higher still and higher,
Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers,
And, o'er the old men's graves, go strew your choicest
flowers.

JOSEPH HOWE.

ENGLAND'S DEAD

SON of the ocean isle!
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

ENGLAND'S DEAD

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From Heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done !
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on !
Let the cold-blue desert spread !
Their course with mast and flag is done—
There slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave !
Are not the rocks their funeral piles ?
The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

MRS. HEMANS.

FOR THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS WE BLESS THEE

FOR the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !
 Thou hast made Thy children mighty
 By the touch of the mountain-sod.
 Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
 Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod ;
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

We are watchers of a beacon
 Whose light must never die ;
 We are guardians of an altar
 'Midst the silence of the sky ;
 The rocks yield founts of courage,
 Struck forth as by the rod ;
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

For the dark resounding caverns,
 Where Thy still, small voice is heard ;
 For the strong pines of the forests,
 That by Thy breath are stirred ;
 For the storms, on whose free pinions
 Thy spirit walks abroad ;
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

The royal eagle darteth

On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights ;

But we, for *Thy* communion,
Have sought the mountain-sod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain

Far, far below us waves ;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves ;
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode ;

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

For the shadow of Thy presence,

Round our camp of rock outspread ;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead ;

For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial-sod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

MRS. HEMANS.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN

ALL hail ! thou noble land,
 Our fathers' native soil !
 O stretch thy mighty hand,
 Gigantic grown by toil,
 O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore !
 For thou, with magic might,
 Canst reach to where the light
 Of Phœbus travels bright
 The world o'er.

The genius of our clime,
 From his pine-embattled steep,
 Shall hail thee great, sublime !
 While the Tritons of the deep
 With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
 Then let the world combine—
 O'er the main our naval line,
 Like the Milky Way, shall shine
 Bright in fame !

Though ages long have passed
 Since our fathers left their home,
 Their pilot in the blast,
 O'er untravelled seas to roam—
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins.
 And shall we not proclaim
 That blood of honest fame,
 Which no tyranny can tame
 By its chains ?

16 STANZAS ON TAKING OF QUEBEC

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung ;
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host !
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun ;
Yet still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech—
“ We are one.”

WASHINGTON ALSTON.

STANZAS ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quell the raptures which from pleasures start.

O Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear ;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes ;
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise !

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

HOME

IN all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose ;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BROCK

ONE voice, one people, one in heart,
 And soul, and feeling, and desire,
 Relight the smouldering martial fire ;
 Sound the mute trumpet, strike the lyre—
 The hero-dead cannot expire ;
 The dead still play their part.

Raise high the monumental stone !
 A nation's fealty is theirs ;
 And we are the rejoicing heirs,
 The honoured sons of sires, whose cares
 We take upon us unawares,
 As freely as our own.

We boast not of the victory,
 But render homage, deep and just,
 To his—to their—immortal dust,
 Who proved so worthy of their trust ;
 No lofty pile or sculptured bust
 Can herald their degree.

No tongue can blazon forth their fame—
 The cheers that stir the sacred hill
 Are but mere promptings of the will
 That conquered them—that conquers still ;
 And generations yet shall thrill
 At Brock's remembered name.

Some souls are the Hesperides
Heaven sends to guard the Golden Age,
Illuming the historic page
With record of their pilgrimage ;
True martyr, hero, poet, sage—
And he was one of these.

Each in his lofty sphere, sublime,
Sits crowned above the common throng ;
Wrestling with some Pythonic wrong,
In prayer, in thunders, thought, or song.
Briareus-limbed, they sweep along,
The Typhons of the time.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

A NORTHERN RUNE

LOUD rolleth the rune, the martial rune
Of the Norse King-Harpist bold ;
He's proud of his line, he's erect as the pine
That springs on the mountains old ;—
Through the hardy North, when his song goes
forth,
It rings like the clash of steel ;
Yet we have not a fear, for his heart's sincere,
And his blasts we love to feel.

A NORTHERN RUNE

Then, hi ! for the storm,
The wintry storm,
That maketh the stars grow dim ;
Not a nerve shall fail,
Not a heart shall quail,
When he rolls his grand old hymn.

Oh, hale and gay is that Norse King gray,
And his limbs are both stout and strong ;
His eye is as keen as a falchion's sheen,
When it weeps to avenge a wrong.
The Aurora's dance is his merry glance,
As it speeds through the starry fields ;
And his anger falls upon Odin's halls
Like the crash of a thousand shields.
Then, hi ! for the storm, etc.

His stately front has endured the brunt
Of Scythian rack and gale,
As the vengeful years clashed their icy spears
On the boss of his glancing mail.
When he steps in his pride from his halls so wide
He laughs with a wild refrain,
And the elfins start from the iceberg's heart
And echo his laugh again.
Then, hi ! for the storm, etc.

When the woods are stirred by the antlered her
He comes like a Nimrod bold,
And the forest groans as his mighty tones
Swoop down on the startled fold ;

In his mantle white he defies the night,
With the air of a king so free ;
Then hurrah for the rune, the Norse King's rune,
For his sons, his sons are we !
Then, hi ! for the storm, etc.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave ;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;

While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly
 shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.

“Hearts of oak!” our captains cried; when
each gun

From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feebler cheer the Dane,
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

* * * * *

Now joy, Old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE MAPLE

ALL hail to the broad-leaved Maple !
With its fair and changeful dress—
A type of our young country
In its pride and loveliness ;
Whether in spring or summer,
Or in the dreary fall,
'Mid Nature's forest children,
She's fairest of them all.

Down sunny slopes and valleys
Her graceful form is seen,
Her wide, umbrageous branches
The sunburnt reaper screen ;
'Mid the dark-browed firs and cedars
Her lovelier colours shine,
Like the dawn of a brighter future
On the settler's hut of pine.

She crowns the pleasant hill-top,
Whispers on breezy downs,
And casts refreshing shadows
O'er the streets of our busy towns.
She gladdens the aching eye-ball,
Shelters the weary head,
And scatters her crimson glories
On the graves of the silent dead.

When winter's frosts are yielding
To the sun's returning sway,
And merry groups are speeding
To sugar-woods away,
The sweet and welling juices,
Which form their welcome spoil,
Tell of the teeming plenty
Which here waits honest toil.

When sweet-voiced Spring, soft breathing,
Breaks Nature's icy sleep,
And the forest boughs are swaying
Like the green waves of the deep ;
In her fair and budding beauty,
A fitting emblem she
Of this our land of promise,
Of hope, of liberty.

And when her leaves, all crimson,
Droop silently and fall,
Like drops of life-blood welling
From a warrior brave and tall ;
They tell how fast and freely
Would her children's blood be shed,
Ere the soil of our faith and freedom
Should echo a foeman's tread.

Then hail to the broad-leaved Maple !
With her fair and changeful dress—
A type of our young country
In its pride and loveliness ;

Whether in spring or summer,
 Or in the dreary fall,
 'Mid Nature's fairest children,
 She's fairest of them all.

H. F. DARNELL.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

WELCOME, wild North-easter !
 Shame it is to see
 Odes to every zephyr—
 Ne'er a verse to thee.
 Welcome, black North-easter !
 O'er the German foam ;
 O'er the Danish moorlands,
 From thy frozen home.
 Tired we are of summer ;
 Tired of gaudy glare,
 Showers soft and steaming,
 Hot and breathless air ;
 Tired of listless dreaming,
 Through the lazy day :
 Jovial wind of winter,
 Turn us out to play !
 Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
 Crisp the lazy dyke ;
 Hunger into madness
 Every plunging pike.

28 ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

Fill the lake with wild fowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.

Hark ! The brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you ?
Let the horses go !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
[While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams].

Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.

What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard gray weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas :
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

JACQUES CARTIER

IN the seaport of Saint Malo 'twas a smiling morn in
May,
When the Commadore Jacques Cartier to the westward
sailed away ;

In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on
their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered
seas ;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and
pier
Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts
with fear.

A year passed o'er Saint Malo, again came round the
day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward
sailed away ;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they
went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden
spent ;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle
hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of
the year.

But the earth is as the future, it hath its hidden
side,
And the captain of Saint Malo was rejoicing in his
pride ;
In the forests of the north, while his townsmen
mourned his loss,
He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis and
cross ;

And when two months were over and added to the
year,
Saint Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering
to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold,
Where the wind from Thulé freezes the word upon
the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early
ship ;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled
with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make them
better cheer.

But when he changed the strain, he told how soon is
cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast ;
How the winter causeway broken is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem
of the free ;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape
to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in
paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters
of the wild ;
Of how the Indian mother, in the forest, rocks her
child ;

32 BRITAIN AND HER COLONIES

Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
A spirit, good or evil, that claims their worshipping ;
Of how they brought their sick and maimed for him
 to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them thro' the Gospel
 of St. John.

He told them of the river, whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny
 wave ;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hoche-
 laga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his
 perils oversea.

HON. T. D. M'GEE.

BRITAIN AND HER COLONIES

SHE stands, a thousand wintered tree,
 By countless morns impearled ;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
 Her branches sweep the world ;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
 Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made,
New nations fostered in her shade,
 And linking land with land.

O ye by wandering tempest sown
 'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown,
 That wafted you afar !
For ye are still her ancient seed
 On younger soil let fall ;
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the mother in her need
 Perchance may one day call.

WILLIAM WATSON.

(By permission of Mr. John Lane.)

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry—and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No—'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! Let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer—clearer—deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated Chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro—
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness—
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste—the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,—

And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They
come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering"
rose!

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon
foes :—

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's—Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass—
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life—
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay ;
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend—foe,—in one red burial blent !

LORD BYRON

THE ISLES OF GREECE

THE isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo farther west
 Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea :
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free.
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations ;—all were his !
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
My country ? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more !
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

* * * * *

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore :
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

* * * * *

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep :
There, swan-like, let me sing and die !
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

LORD BYRON.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

THE king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall ;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand ;
The fingers of a man—
A solitary hand,
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice ;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
“ Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill ;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore ;
But now they were not sage—
They saw, but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view ;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.

THE LOYALISTS

The shroud his robe of state,
 His canopy the stone ;
 The Mede is at his gate,
 The Persian on his throne.

LORD BYRON.

THE LOYALISTS

IF ye, who with your blood and sweat
 Watered the furrows of this land,
 See where upon a nation's brow,
 In honour's front, ye proudly stand !

Who for her pride abased your own,
 And gladly on her altar laid
 All bounty of the older world,
 All memories that your glory made,
 And to her service bowed your strength,
 Took labour for your shield and crest ;
 See where upon a nation's brow,
 Her diadem, ye proudly rest !

SARAH ANNE CURZON.

HASTINGS

OCTOBER'S woods are bright and gay ; a thousand
 colours vie
 To win the golden smiles the sun sends gleaming
 through the sky ;

And though the flowers are dead and gone, one
garden seems the earth,
For, in God's world, as one charm dies, another starts
to birth.

To every season is its own peculiar beauty given,
In every age of mortal men we see the hand of
Heaven ;

And century to century utters a glorious speech,
And peace to war, and war to peace, eternal lessons teach.

O grand old woods, your forest-sires were thus as
bright and gay,

Before the axe's murderous voice had spoiled their
sylvan play ;

When other axes smote our sires, and laid them stiff
and low.

On Hastings' unforgotten field, eight hundred years ago.

Eight hundred years ago, long years, before Jacques
Cartier clomb

The Royal Height, where now no more the red men
fearless roam ;

Eight hundred years ago, long years, before Columbus
came

From stately Spain to find the world that ought to
bear his name,

The Sussex woods were bright and red on that October
morn ;

And Sussex soil was red with blood before the next
was born ;

But from that red united clay another race did start
On the great stage of destiny to act a noble part.

So God doth mould, as pleaseth Him, the nations of
His choice ;

Now in the battle-cry is heard His purifying voice ;
And now with Orphic strains of peace He draws to
nationhood

The scattered tribes that dwell apart by mountain, sea
and wood.

He took the lonely poet Celt and taught him Roman
lore ;

Then from the wealds of Saxony He brought the sons
of Thor ;

Next from his craggy home the Dane came riding o'er
the sea ;

And last came William with his bands of Norman
chivalry.

And now, as our young nationhood is struggling into
birth,

God grant its infant pulse may beat with our forefathers
worth !

And, as we gather into one, let us recall with pride
That we are of the blood of those who fought when
Harold died.

JOHN READE.

IN MEMORIAM OF OCTOBER 25, 1854

(Written on the occasion of the Balaklava Festival.)

OH ! say not that the chivalry
That our brave fathers led
To noble deeds of bravery,
In us their sons is dead !
For the same blood that leaped of yore,
Upon the battle plains
Of Cressy and of Agincourt,
Still leaps within our veins.

The times are changed ; the arts of peace
Are cherished more than then ;—
But until wars for ever cease,
Our country shall have men
To draw the sword for country's good,
To battle for the right,
To shed their heart's best drop of blood
In many a hard-fought fight.

All honour to the good and brave
Who fought in days of old ;
And shame upon the sordid knave
Whose heart's so dull and cold
As not to feel an honest glow
Of patriotic pride
When he is told that long ago
Such heroes lived and died.

Then let us to their memory give
A grateful, manly thought.
And if we prize them, let us live
As nobly as they fought ;
Each life is but a battlefield,
The wrong against the right,
Then think, when right to wrong would yield,
Of Balaklava's fight.

JOHN READE.

A PICTURE OF ENGLAND

THIS royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,—
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ENGLAND INVINCIBLE

THIS England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
 If England to herself do rest but true.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed
 Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour :
 See the front o' battle lour,
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?—
 Let him turn, and flee!

46 MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

Wha for Scotland's King and Law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa'
Let him follow me !

By Oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !

ROBERT BURNS.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go !

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth !
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods !

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go !

ROBERT BURNS.

A NATIONAL HYMN

(*Government House, March 1880.*)

FROM our Dominion never
Take Thy protecting hand,
United, Lord, for ever
Keep Thou our fathers' land !
From where Atlantic terrors
Our hardy seamen train,
To where the salt sea mirrors
The vast Pacific chain.
Aye one with her whose thunder
Keeps world-watch with the hours.
Guard Freedom's home and wonder,
"This Canada of ours."

A NATIONAL HYMN

Fair days of fortune send her,
Be Thou her shield and sun !
Our land, our flag's defender,
Unite our hearts as one !
One flag, one land, upon her
May every blessing rest !
For loyal faith and honour
Her children's deeds attest.
Aye one with her, etc.

No stranger's foot, insulting,
Shall tread our country's soil,
While stand her sons exulting
For her to live and toil.
She hath the victor's guerdon,
Hers are the conquering hours,
No foeman's yoke shall burden
" This Canada of ours."
Aye one with her, etc.

Our sires, when times were sorest,
Asked none but aid divine,
And cleared the tangled forest,
And wrought the buried mine.
They tracked the floods and fountains,
And won, with master-hand,
Far more than gold in mountains—
The glorious prairie-land.
Aye one with her, etc.

O Giver of earth's treasure !
Make Thou our nation strong ;
Pour forth Thine hot displeasure
On all who work us wrong !
To our remotest border
Let plenty still increase,
Let liberty and order ;
Bid ancient feuds to cease.
Aye one with her, etc.

May Canada's fair daughters
Keep house for hearts as bold
As theirs who o'er the waters
Came hither first of old.
The pioneers of nations !
They showed the world the way ;
'Tis ours to keep their stations,
And lead the van to-day.
Aye one with her, etc.

Inheritors of glory,
O countrymen ! we swear
To guard the flag whose story
Shall onward victory bear ;—
Where'er through earth's far regions
Its triple crosses fly,
For God, for home, our legions
Shall win, or fighting die.
Aye one with her, etc.

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

QUEBEC

O FORTRESS city, bathed by streams,
Majestic as thy memories great,
Where mountain floods and forests mate
The grandeur of the glorious dreams,
Born of the hero-hearts who died
In founding here an empire's pride.

Who hath not known delight, whose feet
Hath paced thy streets, thy terrace way,
From rampart sod or bastion gray ;
Hath marked thy sea-like river greet
The bright and peopled banks which shine
In front of the far mountain's line ;
Thy glittering roofs below, the play
Of currents where the ships entwine
Their spars, or laden pass away ?

As we, who joyously once rode
Past guarded gates to trumpet sound,
Along the devious ways that wound
O'er drawbridges, through moats, and showed
The vast St. Lawrence flowing, belt
The Orleans Isle, and seaward melt ;
Then by old walls with cannon crowned,
Down stair-like streets, to where we felt
The soft winds blown o'er meadow ground.

Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
And Learning from Laval looks down,
And quiet convents grace the town.
There, swift to meet the battle shock,
Montcalm rushed on ; and, eddying back,
Red slaughter marked the bridge's track ;
See now the shores with lumber brown,
And girt with happy lands which lack
No loveliness of summer's crown.

Quiet hamlet alleys, border-filled
With purple lilacs, poplars tall,
Where flits the yellow-bird, and fall
The deep eave-shadows. There, when tilled
The peasant's field or garden bed,
He rests content, if o'er his head,
From silver spires, the church bells call
To gorgeous shrines, and prayers that gild
The simple hopes and lives of all.

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

QU'APPELLE VALLEY

MORNING, lighting all the prairies,
Once of old came, bright as now,
To the twin cliffs, sloping wooded
From the vast plain's even brow ;

When the sunken valley's levels
With the winding willowed stream,
Cried : " Depart, night's mists and shadows,
Open-flowered, we love to dream ! "

Then in his canoe a stranger
Passing onward heard a cry,
Thought it called his name, and answered,
But the voice would not reply ;
Waited listening, while the glory
Rose to search each steep ravine,
Till the shadowed, terraced ridges
Like the level vale were green.

Strange as when on space the voices
Of the stars' hosannahs fell,
To this wilderness of beauty
Seemed his call " Qu'appelle ? Qu'appelle ?
For a day he tarried, hearkening,
Wondering, as he went his way,
Whose the voice that gladly called him
With the happy tones of day.

Was it God who gave dumb Nature
Voice and words to shout to one
Who, a pioneer, came, sunlike,
Down the pathways of the sun ?
Harbinger of thronging thousands,
Bringing plain, and vale, and wood,
Things the best and last created,
Human hearts and brotherhood.

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

THE BURIAL OF WELLINGTON

WHO is he that cometh, like an honoured guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with
priest,

With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?

Mighty Seaman, this is he

Was great by land as thou by sea.

Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,

The greatest sailor since our world began ;

Now to the roll of muffled drums,

To thee the greatest soldier comes,

For this is he

Was great by land as thou by sea.

His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;

O give him welcome, this is he

Worthy of our gorgeous rites,

And worthy to be laid by thee ;

For this is England's greatest son,

He that gained a hundred fights,

Nor ever lost an English gun.

Mighty Seaman, tender and true,

And pure as he from taint of craven guile,

O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,

O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,

If aught of things that here befall

Touch a spirit among things divine,

If love of country move thee there at all,

Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !

And through the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers.
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown,
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

Hush ! the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears :
The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
He is gone who seemed so great.—
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.

Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him !
God accept him, Christ receive him !

LORD TENNYSON.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

“Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

“Forward the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there ;
Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered :
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them—
 Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
Oh the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble Six Hundred!—LORD TENNYSON.

THE VOYAGEUR'S SONG.

WE track the herds o'er the prairies wide,
Through the length of the summer day ;
And guide the canoe on the rapid's tide,
Where the waters flash in the ray ;
Where the silvery scales of the salmon glance
On the bosom of the pool ;
And we rest our wearied limbs at eve,
In the shade of the pine-trees cool.
Let others toil for golden store,
For riches little we care,
Oh, the happiest life
In this world of strife,
Is that of a Voyageur.

When the red sun sinks in the golden west,
At evening when he goes
With ministering hosts of the golden clouds,
To seek the night's repose—
We pitch our tents on the soft green sward,
And we light our evening fire,
And we mingle strains of our northern land
With the notes of the forest choir.
Time flies along, with jest and song,
For our merry men are there ;
Oh, there's not a life,
In this world of strife,
Like that of a Voyageur.

Oh, sweet and soft are our couches made,
With the broad green summer leaves,
And the curtains spread above the head
Are those which Nature weaves.
The tall oak and the spreading elm
Are twined in a tangled screen,
Surpassing far all the magic skill
Of the sculptor's art e'er seen.
We shun the noise of the busy world,
For there's crime and misery there ;
And the happiest life,
In this world of strife,
Is that of a Voyageur.

JOHN F. M'DONNELL.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.
Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.

Come every hill-plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ENGLAND

ENGLAND, England, England,
 Girdled by ocean and skies,
 And the power of a world and the heart of a race,
 And a hope that never dies.
 England, England, England,
 Wherever a true heart beats,
 Wherever the armies of commerce flow,
 Wherever the bugles of conquest blow,
 Wherever the glories of liberty grow,
 'Tis the name that the world repeats.

And ye, who dwell in the shadow
 Of the century-sculptured piles,
 Where sleep our century-honoured dead,
 While the great world thunders overhead,
 And far out, miles on miles,
 Beyond the throb of the mighty town
 The blue Thames dimples and smiles,
 Not yours alone the glory of old
 Of the splendid thousand years
 Of Britain's might and Britain's right
 And the brunt of British spears :
 Not yours alone, for the great world round,
 Ready to dare and do,
 Scot and Celt, and Norman and Dane,
 With the Northman's sinew and heart and brain,
 Are England's heroes too.

North and south, and east and west,
Wherever their triumphs be,
Their glory goes home to the ocean-girt Isle
Where the heather blooms and the roses smile,
With the Green Isle under her lee.
And if ever the smoke of an alien gun
Should threaten her iron repose,
Shoulder to shoulder against the world,
Face to face with her foes,
Scot and Celt and Saxon are one
Where the glory of England goes.

And we of the newer and vaster west,
Where the great war-banners are furled,
And commerce hurries her teeming hosts,
And the cannon are silent along our coasts ;
Saxon and Gaul, Canadians claim
A part in the glory and pride and aim
Of the Empire that girdles the world.

Yea, England, England, England,
Wherever the daring heart,
By Arctic floe or Torrid sand,
Thy heroes play their part ;
For as long as conquest holds the earth,
Or commerce sweeps the sea,
By orient jungle or western plain
Will the Saxon spirit be ;
And whatever the people that dwell beneath
Or whatever the alien tongue,
Over the freedom and peace of the world
Is the flag of England flung.

Till the last great freedom is found,
And the last great truth be taught,
Till the last great deed be done,
And the last great battle is fought ;
Till the last great fighter is slain in the last great
fight,
And the war-wolf is dead in his den,
England, breeder of hope and valour and might,
Iron mother of men.

Yea, England, England, England,
Till honour and valour are dead,
Till the world's great cannons rust,
Till the world's great hopes are dust,
Till faith and freedom be fled ;
Till wisdom and justice have passed
To sleep with those who sleep in the many-cham-
bered vast,
Till glory and knowledge are charnelled, dust in dust,
To all that is best in the world's unrest
In heart and mind you are wed ;
While out from the Indian jungle,
To the far Canadian snows,
Over the east and over the west,
Over the worst and over the best,
The flag of the world to its winds unfurled,
The blood red ensign blows.

WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THE WORLD-MOTHER

(SCOTLAND.)

By crag and lonely moor she stands,
This mother of half a world's great men,
And kens them far by sea-wracked lands,
Or orient jungle or western fen.

And far out 'mid the mad turmoil,
Or where the desert places keep
Their lonely hush, her children toil,
Or wrapt in wide-world honour sleep.

By Egypt's sands or western wave,
She kens her latest heroes rest,
With Scotland's honour o'er each grave,
And Britain's flag above each breast.

And some at home.—Her mother love
Keeps crooning wind-songs o'er their graves,
Where Arthur's castle looms above,
Or Strathy storms or Solway raves.

Or Lomond unto Nevis bends
In olden love of clouds and dew ;
Where Trossach unto Stirling sends
Greetings that build the years anew.

Out where her miles of heather sweep,
Her dust of legend in his breast,
'Neath agèd Dryburgh's aisle and keep,
Her Wizard Walter takes his rest.

And her loved ploughman, he of Ayr,
More loved than any singer loved
By heart of man amidst those rare,
High souls the world hath tried and proved ;

Whose songs are first to heart and tongue,
Wherever Scotsmen greet together,
And, far-out alien scenes among,
Go mad at the glint of a sprig of heather.

And he her latest wayward child,
Her Louis of the magic pen,
Who sleeps by tropic crater piled,
Far, far, alas ! from misted glen ;

Who loved her, knew her, drew her so,
Beyond all common poet's whim ;—
In dreams the whaups are calling low,
In sooth her heart is woe for him.

And they, her warriors, greater none
E'er drew the blade of daring forth—
Her Colin under Indian sun,
Her Donald of the fighting North.

Or he, her greatest hero, he,
Who sleeps somewhere by Nilus' sands,
Grave Gordon, mightiest of those free,
Great captains of her fighting bands.

Yea, these, and myriad myriads more,
Who stormed the fort or ploughed the main,
To free the wave or win the shore,
She calls in vain, she calls in vain.

Brave sons of her, far severed wide,
By purpling peak or reeling foam,
From western ridge or orient side,
She calls them home, she calls them home.

And far from east to western sea,
The answering word comes back to her :
"Our hands were slack, our hopes were free,
We answered to the blood astir ;

"The life by kelpie loch was dull,
The homeward, slothful work was done,
We followed where the world was full
To dree the weird our fates had spun.

"We built the brig, we reared the town,
We spanned the earth with lightning gleam ;
We ploughed, we fought, 'mid smile and frown,
Where all the world's four corners teem.

"But under all the surge of life,
The mad race-fight for mastery,
Though foremost in the surgent strife,
Our hearts went back, went back to thee."

For the Scotsman's speech is wise and slow,
And the Scotsman's thought it is hard to ken;
But through all the yearnings of man that go,
His heart is the heart of the northern glen.

His song is the song of the windy moor,
And the humming pipes of the squirling din;
And his love is the love of the shieling door,
And the smell of the smoking peat within.

And nohap how much of the alien blood
Is crossed with the strain that holds him fast,
'Mid the world's great ill and the world's great good,
He yearns to the Mother of men at last.

For there's something strong and something true
In the wind where the sprig of heather is blown;
And something great in the blood so blue,
That makes him stand like a man alone.

Yea, give him the road and loose him free,
He sets his teeth to the fiercest blast,
For there's never a toil in a far countrie,
But a Scotsman tackles it hard and fast.

He builds their commerce, he sings their songs,
He weaves their creeds with an iron twist,
And making of laws or righting of wrongs,
He grinds it all as the Scotsman's grist.

Yea, there by crag and moor she stands,
This Mother of half a world's great men,
And out of the heart of her haunted lands
She calls her children home again.

And over the glens and the wild sea floors
She peers so still as she counts her cost,
With the whaups low calling over the moors,
“Woe, woe, for the great ones she hath lost.”

WILFRED CAMPBELL.



THE *ROYAL GEORGE*

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the *Royal George*,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main :

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

EMPIRE FIRST

SHALL we break the plight of youth,
 And pledge us to an alien love?
 No! We hold our faith and truth,
 Trusting to the God above.
 Stand, Canadians, firmly stand
 Round the flag of Fatherland!

Britain bore us in her flank,
 Britain nursed us at our birth,
 Britain reared us to our rank
 Mid the nations of the earth.
 Stand, Canadians, firmly stand
 Round the flag of Fatherland!

In the hour of pain and dread,
 In the gathering of the storm,
 Britain raised above our head
 Her broad shield and sheltering arm.
 Stand, Canadians, firmly stand
 Round the flag of Fatherland!

O triune Kingdom of the brave,
 O sea-girt Island of the free,
 O Empire of the land and wave,
 Our hearts, our hands, are all for thee!
 Stand, Canadians, firmly stand
 Round the flag of Fatherland!

JOHN T. L'ESPÉRANCE.

THE SONG OF THE BOW

WHAT of the bow?

The bow was made in England :
Of true wood, of yew-wood,
The wood of English bows ;
So men who are free
Love the old yew-tree
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?

The cord was made in England :
A rough cord, a tough cord,
A cord that bowmen love ;
And so we will sing
Of the hempen string
And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft?

The shaft was cut in England :
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed and trim and true ;
So we'll drink all together
To the gray goose-feather
And the land where the gray goose flew.

What of the mark?

Ah, seek it not in England,
A bold mark, our old mark,
Is waiting over-sea.

THE CONFUSED DAWN

When the strings harp in chorus,
 And the lion flag is o'er us,
 It is there that our mark will be.

What of the men?

The men were bred in England;
 The bowmen—the yeomen,
 The lads of dale and fell.

Here's to you—and to you!
 To the hearts that are true
 And the land where the true hearts dwell!

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

(By permission of the author and of the publishers
 Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.)

THE CONFUSED DAWN

Young Man.

WHAT are the Vision and Cry
 That haunt the new Canadian soul?
 Dim grandeur spreads, we know not why,
 O'er mountain, forest, tree, and knoll,
 And murmurs indistinctly fly,
 Some magic moment sure is nigh—
 O Seer, the curtain roll!

Seer.

The Vision, mortal, it is this—
 Dead mountain, forest, knoll, and tree
 Awaken all endued with bliss,
 A native land—O think! to be

Thy native land, and ne'er amiss
Its smile shall like a lover's kiss
From henceforth seem to thee.

The Cry thou couldst not understand
Which runs through that new realm of light,
From Breton's to Vancouver's strand,
O'er many a lovely landscape bright.
It is their waking utterance grand,
The great refrain, "A Native Land!"
Thine be the ear, the sight!

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

THE BATTLE OF LA PRAIRIE

(1691.)

A BALLAD.

THAT was a brave old epoch,
Our age of chivalry,
When the Briton met the Frenchman
At the fight of La Prairie;
And the manhood of New England,
And the Netherlands true,
And Mohawks sworn, gave battle
To the Bourbon's lilied blue.

That was a brave old Governor,
Who gathered his array,
And stood to meet, he knew not what,
On that alarming day.

THE BATTLE OF LA PRAIRIE

Eight hundred, against rumours vast,
That filled the wild wood's gloom
With all New England's flower of youth,
Fierce for New France's doom.

And the brave old scarce three hundred,
Theirs should in truth be fame !
Borne down the savage Richelieu
On what emprise they came !
Your hearts are great enough, O few !
Only your numbers fail !
New France asks more for conquerors,
All glorious though your tale.

It was a brave old battle
That surged around the fort,
When D'Hosta fell in charging,
And 'twas deadly strife and short ;
When in the very quarters
They contested face and hand,
And many a goodly fellow
Crimsoned yon La Prairie sand.

And those were brave old orders
The colonel gave to meet
That forest force, with trees entrenched,
Opposing the retreat ;
" De Callieres' strength behind us,
And in front's your Richelieu ;
We must go straightforth at them,
There is nothing else to do."

And then the brave old story comes
Of Schyler and Valrennes,
When "Fight!" the British colonel called,
Encouraging his men,
"For the Protestant religion,
And the honour of our King!"
"Sir, I am here to answer you!"
Valrennes cried, forthstepping.

Were those not brave old races?
Well, here they still abide;
And yours is one or other,
And the second's at your side.
So when you hear your brother say,
"Some loyal deed I'll do;"
Like old Valrennes, be ready with,
"I'm here to answer you!"

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

SCARLETT'S THREE HUNDRED

To horse, trot, gallop, and out with each blade.
To-day, Lads, we ride on a dare-devil raid;
'Tis death, or a halo that never shall fade.
Old England for Ever, Hurrah!

An army o'erhanging us, in the death-hush
Massed, like an avalanche crowded to crush;
Up at them, pierce them, ere on us they rush!
Old England for Ever, Hurrah!

76 SCARLETT'S THREE HUNDRED

Stick to old Scarlett, Lads ! See how he goes
In for a *near-sighted* look at our foes :
Faster, men, faster, or singly he'll close !
Old England for Ever, Hurrah !

Chariots of fire in the dark of death stand,
With crowns for the foremost who fall for their land :
My God, what a time ere we meet hand to hand !
Old England for Ever, Hurrah !

Oh, the lightning of life ! Oh, the thunder of steeds !
Saddles are emptied, but nobody heeds ;
All fighting to follow where Elliot leads.
Old England for Ever, Hurrah !

Spring too now, wedge through now, and cleave crest
and crown ;
All one as a mowing-machine, cut them down !
For each foe round you strewn now a wreath of
renown.
Old England for Ever, Hurrah !

There's fear in their faces ; they shrink from the shock ;
They will open the door, only loud enough knock ;
Keep turning the key, lest we stick in the lock !
Old England for Ever, Hurrah !

Well done ! soul and steel alike trusty and true !
By thousands they faced our invincible few ;
Like sand in a sieve you have riddled them through.
Old England for Ever, Hurrah !

Charge back! Once again we must ride the death-ride,
Torn, tattered, but smiling with something of pride :
Charge home ; out of Hell ; gory-grim ; glorified !

Old England for Ever, Hurrah !

One cheer for the living ! One cheer for the dead !
One cheer for the deed on that hill-side red !
The glory is gathered for England's proud head !

Old England for Ever, Hurrah !

GERALD MASSEY.

RECESSIONAL

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !

THE SCOT ABROAD

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

*(From "The Five Nations," by kind permission
of the author, and of Messrs. Methuen and
Co., and the Macmillan Company of Canada,
Limited.)*

THE SCOT ABROAD

OH! to be in Scotland now,
When the yellow autumn smiles
So pleasantly on knoll and howe;
Where from rugged cliff and heathy brow
Of each mountain height you look down defiles
Golden with the harvest's glow.

Oh ! to be in the kindly land,
Whether mellow autumn smiles or no ;
It is well if the joyous reaper stand
Breast-deep in the yellow corn, sickle in hand.
But I care not though sleety east winds blow,
So long as I tread its strand.

To be wandering there at will,
Be it sunshine or rain, or its winds that brace ;
To climb the old familiar hill ;
Of the storied landscape to drink my fill,
And look out on the gray old town at its base,
And linger a dreamer still.

Ah ! weep ye not for the dead,
The dear ones safe in their native earth ;
There fond hands pillowed the narrow bed
Where fresh gowans, starlike, above their head
Spangle the turf of each spring's new birth
For the living, loving tread.

Ah ! not for them ; doubly blest,
Safely home, and past all weeping ;
Hushed and stilled, there closely pressed
Kith to kin on one mother's breast,
All still, securely, trustfully sleeping,
As in their first cradled rest.

Weep rather, ay, weep sore,
For him who departs to a distant land.
There are pleasant homes on the far-off shore ;

80 THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Friends too, but none like the friends of yore
That fondly, but vainly, beckoning stand
For him who returns no more.

Oh! to lie in Scottish earth,
Lapped in the clods of its kindly soil;
Where the soaring laverock's song has birth
In the welkin's blue; and its heavenward mirth
Lends a rapture to earth-born toil.
What matter! Death recks not the dearth.

SIR DANIEL WILSON.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the
dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a
stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

THE HIGHLAND EXILE'S LAMENT

LISTEN to me, as when ye heard our father
 Sing long ago the song of other shores—
 Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
 All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars :

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods
 are grand ;

But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty Island
 Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
 Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
 And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
 Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small
 clear stream,

In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
 Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred, in the time long-vanished,
 Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,—
 No seer foretold the children would be banished,
 That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter!
 Oh then for clansman true, and stern claymore—
 The hearts that would have given their blood like
 water,

Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar :

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods
are grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

BURIAL OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST

(*December 15, 1840.*)

Cold and brilliant streams the sunlight on the wintry
banks of Seine ;
Gloriously the imperial city rears her pride of tower
and fane ;
Solemnly with deep voice pealeth, Notre Dame, thine
ancient chime ;
Minute guns the death-bell answer in the same deep,
measured time.

On the unwonted stillness gather sounds of an advancing
host,
As the rising tempest chafeth on St. Helen's far-off
coast ;
Nearer rolls a mighty pageant, clearer swells the
funeral strain,
From the barrier arch of Neuilly pours the giant burial
train.

Dark with eagles is the sunlight—darkly on the golden
air
Flap the folds of faded standards, eloquently mourning
there ;

84 BURIAL OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST

O'er the pomp of glittering thousands, like a battle-phantom flits

Tattered flags of Jena, Friedland, Arcola, and Austerlitz.

Eagle-crowned and garland-circled, slowly moves the stately car

'Mid a sea of plumes and horsemen—all the burial pomp of war.

Riderless, a war-worn charger follows his dead master's bier ;

Long since battle-trumpet roused him, he but lived to follow here.

From his grave 'mid ocean's dirges, moaning surge and sparkling foam,

Lo, the Imperial Dead returneth ! lo, the Hero dust comes home !

He hath left the Atlantic island, lonely vale, and willow tree,

'Neath the Invalides to slumber, 'mid the Gallic chivalry.

Glorious tomb o'er glorious sleepers ! gallant fellowship to share—

Paladin and peer and marshal—France, thy noblest dust is there !

Names that light thy battle annals, names that shook the heart of earth !

Stars in crimson war's horizon—synonyms for martial worth !

BURIAL OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST 85

Room within that shrine of heroes ! place, pale spectres
of the past !

Homage yield, ye battle-phantoms ! Lo, your might-
iest comes at last !

Was his course the woe out-thundered from prophetic
trumpet's lips ?

Was his type the ghostly horseman shadowed in the
Apocalypse ?

Gray-haired soldiers gather round him, relics of an age
of war,

Followers of the Victor-Eagle, when his flight was
wild and far :

Men who panted in the death-strife on Rodrigo's
bloody ridge,

Hearts that sickened at the death-shriek from the
Russian's shattered bridge ;

Men who heard the immortal war-cry of the wild
Egyptian fight—

“Forty centuries o'erlook us from yon pyramid's gray
height !”

They who heard the moans of Jaffa, and the breach
of Acre knew,

They who rushed their foaming war-steeds on the
squares of Waterloo ;

They who loved him, they who feared him, they who in
his dark hour fled,

Round the mighty burial gather, spell-bound by the
awful dead !

Churchmen, princes, statesmen, warriors—all a kingdom's chief array,
And the fox stands, crownèd mourner, by the eagle's hero clay !

But the last high rite is paid him, and the last deep knell is rung,
And the cannons' iron voices have their thunder-requiem sung ;
And, 'mid banners idly drooping, silent gloom, and mouldering state,
Shall the trampler of the world upon the Judgment trumpet wait.

Yet his ancient foes had given him nobler monumental pile,
Where the everlasting dirges moaned around the burial isle ;
Pyramid upheaved by Ocean in his loneliest wilds afar,
For the War-King thunder-stricken from his fiery battle-car !

SIR J. H. HAGARTY.

THE SEA

THE sea ! the sea !
For the light of thy waves we bless thee ;
For the foam on thine ancient brow ;
For the winds whose bold wings caress thee,
Old Ocean ! we bless thee now !

Oh, welcome thy long-lost minstrelsy ;
Thy thousand voices ; the wild, the free,
The fresh, cool breeze o'er thy sparkling breast,
Thy sunlit foam on each billow's crest,
Thy joyous rush up the sounding shore,
Thy song of freedom for evermore,
And thy glad waves shouting, "Rejoice ! Rejoice !"
Old Ocean ! welcome thy glorious voice !

The sea ! the sea !
We bless thee ; we bless thee, Ocean !
Bright goal of our weary track,
With the exile's rapt devotion,
To the home of his love come back.
When gloom lay deep on our fainting hearts ;
When the air was dark with the Persian darts ;
When the desert rung with the ceaseless war,
And the wished-for fountain and palm afar,
In Memory's dreaming, in Fancy's ear,
The chime of thy joyous waves was near,
And the last fond prayer of each troubled night
Was for thee and thine islands of love and light.

The sea ! the sea !
Sing on thy majestic pæan ;
Leap up in the Delian's smiles ;
We will dream of the blue Ægean,
Of the breath of Ionia's isles ;
Of the hunter's shout through the Thracian woods ;
Of the shepherd's song by the Dorian floods ;

Of the Naiad springing by Attic fount ;
Of the Satyr's dance by the Cretan mount ;
Of the sun-bright gardens, the bending vines,
Our virgins' songs by the flower-hung shrines ;
Of the dread Olympian's majestic domes,
Our fathers' graves and our own free homes.

The sea ! the sea !
We bless thee ; we bless thee, Ocean !
Bright goal of our stormy track,
With the exile's rapt devotion,
To the home of his love come back.

SIR J. H. HAGARTY.

THE EMIGRANT'S FUNERAL

STRANGE earth we sprinkle on the exile's clay,
Mingled with flowers his childhood never knew ;
Far sleeps he from that mountain-top so blue,
Shadowing the scene of his young boyhood's play.
But o'er his lonely transatlantic bed
The ancient words of hopeful love are spoken ;
The solitude of these old pines is broken
With the same prayers once o'er his father said.

O precious Liturgy ! that thus canst bring
Such sweet associations to the soul,
That though between us and our homes seas roll,
We oft in thee forget our wandering,

And in a holy day-dream tread once more,
The fresh, green valleys of our native shore.

REV. R. J. M'GEORGE.

EXILED.

BLOWS the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are
flying,

Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are
crying,

My heart remembers how !

Gray recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent, vanished
races,

And winds, austere and pure :

Be it granted to me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home ! and to hear again the call ;

Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees
crying,

And hear no more at all !

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(By permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.)

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS *

WE wake the prairie echoes with
 The ever-welcome sound,
 "Ring out the boot and saddle!" till
 Its stirring notes resound.
 Our horses toss their bridled heads
 And chafe against the reins;
 Ring out, ring out the marching call
 Of the Riders of the Plains.

Full many a league o'er prairie wild
 Our trackless path must be,
 And round it roam the fiercest tribes
 Of Blackfoot and of Cree;
 But danger from their savage bands
 Our dauntless heart disdains,
 That heart which bears the helmet up
 Of the Riders of the Plains.

The thunderstorm sweeps o'er our way,
 But onward still we go;
 We scale the rugged mountain range,
 Descend the valley low;

* The writers of this stirring poem were two members of the North-West Mounted Police Force. It was written many years ago in the North-West, and an old member of the force gave a copy to the editor of this volume, who published it in a Canadian newspaper, and afterwards in his volume "Canada." This title is the original one.

We face the dread Saskatchewan,
Brimmed high with heavy rains ;
With all his might he cannot check
The Riders of the Plains.

We muster but three hundred
In all this great lone land,
Which stretches o'er the continent
To where the Rockies stand ;
But not one heart doth falter,
No coward voice complains,
That few, too few, in numbers are
The Riders of the Plains.

Our mission is to plant the rule
Of Britain's freedom here,
Restrain the lawless savage, and
Protect the pioneer:
And 'tis a proud and daring trust
To hold these vast domains,
With but three hundred mounted men,
The Riders of the Plains.

We bear no lifted banner,
The soldier's care and pride ;
No waving flag leads onward
Our horsemen when they ride ;
The sense of duty well discharged
All idle thoughts sustains,
No other spur to action need
The Riders of the Plains.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab
 There lies a lonely grave ;
 And no man knows that sepulchre,
 And no man saw it e'er,
 For the angels of God upturned the sod,
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
 That ever passed on earth ;
 But no man heard the trampling,
 Or saw the train go forth—
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes back when night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
 Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the Spring-time
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves ;
 So, without sound of music,
 Or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain's crown,
 The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car ;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior,
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet,
That ever breathed a word ;

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour ;—
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plume
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave !

In that strange grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, oh wondrous thought !
Before the judgment-day,
And stand with glory wrapt around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife, that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land !
O dark Beth-peor's hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

ADMIRALS ALL

A SONG OF SEA KINGS

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
 Here's to the bold and free !
 Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
 Hail to the Kings of the sea !
 Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame !
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !

Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame !
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
 With the galleons fair in sight ;
 Howard at last must give him his way,
 And the word was passed to fight.
 Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
 Since holidays first began ;
 He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
 And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared :
 Their cities he put to the sack ;
 He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
 And harried his ships to wrack.

ADMIRALS ALL

He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came ;
But he said, " They must wait their turn, good
souls,"
And he stooped and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two ;
But he anchored them fast where the Texel
shoaled,
And his colours aloft he flew.
" I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
" And I'll sink with a right good will ;
For I know when we're all of us under the tide
My flag will be fluttering still."

Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still),
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a kingdom none can take,
The realm of the circling sea,
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,
And the Rodneys yet to be.

Admirals all, etc.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

(From " *Collected Poems, 1892-1907.*"
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THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANT'S LAST FAREWELL

ADIEU, my native land—adieu,
 The banks of fair Lochfyne,
 Where the first breath of life I drew,
 And would my last resign !
 Swift sails the bark that wafteth me
 This night from thy loved strand ;
 Oh must it be my last of thee,
 My dear, dear Fatherland !

O Scotland ! o'er the Atlantic roars,
 Though fated to depart,
 Nor time nor space can e'er efface
 Thine image from my heart.
 Come weal, come woe, till life's last throes,
 My Highland home shall seem
 An Eden bright in Fancy's light,
 A Heaven in Memory's dream\

Land of the maids of matchless grace,
 The bards of matchless song,
 Land of the bold heroic race
 That never brooked a wrong !
 Long in the front of nations free
 May Scotland proudly stand ;—
 Farewell to thee—farewell to thee
 My dear, dear Fatherland !

EVAN M'COLL.

RULE, BRITANNIA

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain :
Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blessed as thee
Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall ;
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free—
The dread and envy of them all !

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

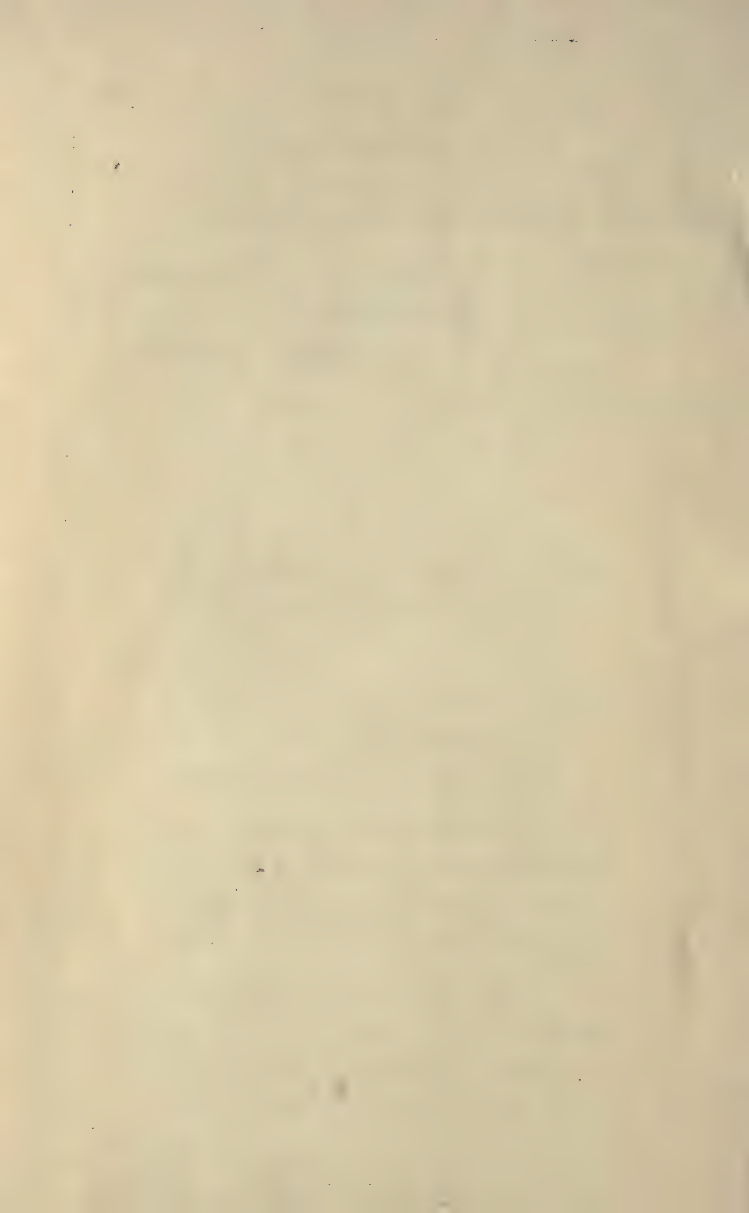
Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine !

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair :—
 Rule Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves !

JAMES THOMSON.

THE END.



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